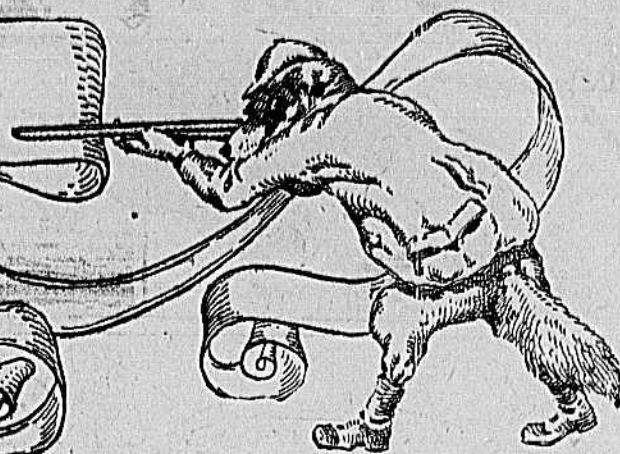


ANIMALDOM

THE FARMER

AND THE SPORTS



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J. J. MORA



THE NAUGHTY RABBITS
STEAL THE GARDEN TRUCK



WHEN THE WOODCHUCK'S
BACK IS TURNED

THE
SPORTING
DOGS.



THE SPORTS PLAY HAVOC WITH
THE GARDEN WHILE ON A
RABBIT HUNT.



A Woodchuck had a garden
On which he raised Potatoes
And Cabbages and Corn and Beets
And Melons and Tomatoes.

And though he tended it with care,
No matter how he'd try,
He couldn't seem to get ahead;
And I will tell you why.

Whene'er the Gardener's back was turned,
Some Rabbits, living nigh,
Would sneak around and steal his truck
And eat it on the sly.

And though the Woodchuck found it out,
He wasn't cute enough
To keep the naughty, thieving scamps
From stealing lots of stuff.

And then, in anger, one fine day
He sent an invitation
To a lot of Sporting Dogs to come
With him on their Vacation.

They said "Of course," and out they came,
And acted without care.
They ate 'most all the grub he had
The first night they were there.

Upon a Rabbit-Hunt next day
They started, one and all.
And, Goodness me! the things they did
Just made the Woodchuck bawl.

They trampled on his vegetables,
They knocked his fences down;
While shooting, barking, racing round
They turned things upside down.

The Woodchuck saw his finish;
And plaintive was his moan.
He paid them everything he had
Once more to be alone.

"What made me call them in," he sobbed.
"It surely did no good!
My Benefactors did more harm
Than fifty Rabbits could."

J. J. MORA.